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PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

THERE is not a breath on the breast of the ocean;
The sunbeams on yonder blue waves are asleep;
The white feathered sea-birds still are in motion,
Or bask on the proud, barren brow of the steep;
The robin's at rest, by the breezes forsaken,
The mariner anxiously plies at his oar,
Till the fresh-setting gales of the twilight awaken,
And waft him along to his cot on the shore.

Yet mournful I wander, though beauty surrounds me;
The glories of nature no raptures impart;
In her mantle of darkness, doubt now surrounds me;
And dries up the fountains of peace in my heart.
The hopes that are dear and the dreams that I
cherished,
Like the prophet from Carmel have taken their flight:
And the shadows that brood o'er the bliss that hath
perished,
Encompass my path with shadows and night.

A Study of Tennyson.*

JAMES JOSEPH TRAHEY, A. B. '99.

II.

THE angels of Tennyson's fancy are too often ascending and descending on the ladder of Art, not on the ladder of Poetry. In this respect the Laureate bears some resemblance to Michael Angelo Buonarroti, whose intense love for the chiselled statue worked adverse to his poetic talents. He was too fond of the cold atmosphere created by sculptor-work; hence in some of his poems we miss the emotion and

deep feeling that appeal so eloquently to the human heart. The Florentine, however, perceived his mistake and candidly acknowledged his fault: "The art I will so well works adverse to my wish and lays me low." Tennyson is guilty of the same fault. He was rebuked by his own father for the excessive rhythm of his verses: "Don't write so rhythmically," his father used to say, "break your lines occasionally for the sake of variety." But Tennyson's classic nature could not be curbed and moulded in the school of poetic simplicity. He persisted in writing Latin periods and in building Grecian temples; the result of his obstinacy worked adverse to his good intentions.

"A child can understand him and he ripples into music," exclaims one of his admirers; and another enthusiast of Tennysonian poetry would have us believe that his lyrics are as polished as the bosom of a star and that their sound is as the swell of cathedral music. These assertions, coming as they do from men that see only the bright side of Tennyson's poetry, provoke an answer. I shall therefore enter upon a formal criticism of the Laureate's style, and determine if possible his relative merits as a poet. To execute this delicate undertaking with justice and impartiality, I shall endeavor to bear in mind Matthew Arnold's criterion: "We must be on our guard against Wordsworthians, if we want to secure for Wordsworth his due rank as a poet."

The writers that overrate Tennyson's gifts and accomplishments as a poet, would do well to reflect more seriously on the depth and breadth of that immaterial chasm which separates the polished artist from the real poet—the man to whom the Creator has given elevated conceptions, creative fancy, and a heart of fire. Milton was a consummate artist,

* Competitive Essay for the English Medal.

but his poetic inspiration was primary and his metrical art secondary. He used the latter only as a pianoforte accompaniment for the effectual rendition of that inward music—the poetry of the soul. Tennyson, on the contrary, was first an artist then a poet.

We make a very serious mistake when we place Tennyson on a level with Milton, even as an artist. We unconsciously injure the lesser poet by force of contrast. No reasonable critic can deny that the Laureate clothed his thoughts in costly robes, in vigorous, sweeping words, and musical phrases; that his poems have rhythm, beauty of diction, and richness of illustration. But where, may I ask, is the characterization, the eternal melody, the subtlety that defies analysis, and above all the originality of Milton? These qualities Tennyson does not possess. The whole-souled genius, the poet, painter or sculptor that is sustained in his higher flights by the power of inspiration, regards all conscious and labored art as the sign of intellectual weakness. The poet or artist that employs vermillion or deep blue shades to hide the nakedness of his conception, and to give his melodies or pictures life and motion, betrays the shortcomings of his natural talent. The truly great artist imitates the creative act: he utters a second *fiat lux*, and in an instant the heaps of chaos that surround him are flooded with light; the self-made, polished and fastidious artist catches but the pale reflex of the eternal act, and hence his work is feeble and wants grandeur of conception. The great poet goes beyond the sphere of physical creation; like a flash of lightning, he leaves the material universe, poises on the wings of his imagination, and leans out into eternity. His soul touches the atmosphere of the invisible, and re-echoes the music that issues from the infinite.

If Tennyson is England's Virgil, Milton is her blind Homer. Milton is another Demosthenes; Tennyson a second Cicero. The Greek orator is always original: he is first a statesman, then an orator. The Roman, on the contrary, is seldom original; he is first and last an orator, a maker of beautiful periods, sweet-sounding words and melodious cadences. His sole aim in everything he does, is the perfection of eloquence. If he writes on philosophy he is eloquent; and if he defends a case in the senate-house he is oratorical from beginning to end. His fixed ideal is evident, for he is ever repeating to himself:

"The form, the form alone, is eloquent."

Milton is first thoughtful, serious, determined and original; then he takes up the artist's brush, and gives color, life and meaning to his work. Tennyson is first an artist, then a poet. He reverses the plan that Milton unconsciously followed, and for want of the magic touch that superior genius alone can give, his labored productions come from the mint, chilled by the cold atmosphere of decorative art.

In Michael Angelo and Raphael we admire the artist, whether he be draughtsman or colorist; this criterion holds good for painting though not for poetry. Let us not confound the two arts, and let us remember this wise dictum of Lessing: "The poet is as far beyond the painter as life is better than a picture." The real poet is more than an artist, a fabricator of melodious words; he combines the creative and the artistic faculty. The great poet—the creator of a new world—need not seek the proper form for his glowing conceptions, they fall into the most perfect mould unconsciously. "A line, a word, a scene has flashed upon him and made a character live before him; how, he knows not, only the thing is done." When Shakspeare wrote the Hovel scene in *Lear*, or the Ghost scene in *Hamlet*, may we suppose for a moment that he executed these marvels of dramatic composition by a slow, meditative process? No: when he sat down to write, his mind teemed with creation; he saw his character in a vision, and he cast his burning thoughts into a pleasing, polished form without effort or constraint. This is the privilege and the characteristic of a great poet like Shakspeare or Milton. Tennyson's poetry, however, seldom flows from the deep heart and the penetrative, emotional soul. Too frequently his thoughts are "spherical and crystalline; his style prouder than when blue Isis bends." Milton is the mighty river and Tennyson one of its tributaries. The poetry of the latter flows with the silence of a meadow brook; the poetry of the former springs suddenly from the bosom of a high rock and rushes onward—"a sweeping flood laden with the richest argosies of thought."

Pure art in literature aims at embodying the highest and loftiest conception in the choicest and fewest accidents. It endeavors to produce the best effect with the least display of ornamentation or conscious effort. In direct opposition to pure art is what we may call ornate art, which presents an idea adorned with the

richest jewelry of words. This second species of literary art is always a defect unless it be used sparingly and in harmony with the writer's subject. Hence we may in all justice censure Tennyson for his indulgence in the ornate style. Mr. W. Bagehot offers a rather weak apology for the decorative art in "Enoch Arden:" "A dirty sailor who did not go home to his wife is not an agreeable being: a varnish must be put on him to make him shine." This explanation is too fastidious, and over-delicate to be plausible. It is simply irrelevant when applied to the manly character and the sterling virtue of the bold and hardy fisherman.

Not one of Tennyson's poems furnishes a better example of the ornate style than "Enoch Arden." The labored description of the tropical islands, on which Enoch has been thrown, is a perfect model of the periodic, classic art that gives symmetry and intellectual beauty to Grecian sculpture, but obscures and tarnishes the beautiful in poetry:

The mountains wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways of heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insects and of birds,
The lustre of long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and run
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world—
All these he saw.

This outburst of art for art's sake is hardly in keeping with the simplicity of the story. The conscious art and the pompous, embellished language that Shakspeare uses to reveal the physical beauty of Cleopatra, have a deep significance, and are in perfect harmony with the subject, because the majestic movement of the drama and the dignity of the leading characters fully justify this display of verbal ornamentation.

The defenders of Tennyson's ornate style sometimes advance strange and even grotesque arguments to strengthen their position. They say that the poet, if he wishes to throw an atmosphere of indistinct illusion about a poem, or to introduce a character whose natural manner of acting might be repugnant to our sense of moral beauty, must clothe his conceptions in the garb of ornate language—in flowery metaphors and similes. Let us not mistake realism for simplicity—the essence of all true poetry. There is nothing offensive, either physically or morally, in the person and character of Enoch Arden; nothing that needs

the cloak of ornate style to hide its shame. His love is chaste and his fidelity to a weak wife ideal. He is the perfect type of a noble character; the eye of his soul is single, and the pulsations of his heart always pure and generous.

The greatest poetry that the world can boast of is essentially simple and unadorned. Its very simplicity and conciseness are the qualities that hold our soul in awe, and elicit our admiration. How sublime and yet how simple is this stanza:

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

This is but one of the immortal notes that Wordsworth struck on the Muse's lyre. Shelley touched the cords of this same instrument, and the music he drew therefrom will re-echo forever within the walls of Minerva's temple. Of the sky-lark he says:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden,
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass
Which screen it from the view.

The enthusiastic admirers of Tennyson's art are forever eulogizing the technical beauty of his poems. They praise his efforts—and in their estimate his primary determination—"to make words flash jewel-like, to make them burn in crimson, or to convey with all the glow of a Murillo, tints—not only the color, but tints—of the sky, the earth, even of the atmosphere itself." "Millet, in the 'Angelus,'" exclaims the author of the lines just quoted, "depicts sounds by the magic of his brush which had the potent spell of color. Similarly, Tennyson, in 'Mariana,' overleaped the limitations of his art, and painted in words both color and sound and something more subtle than either." Here is just where the great artist and the lesser poet failed. "The Angelus" is not a perfect picture, and "Mariana" is still less an ideal poem—a simple, concise expression of the beautiful in rhythmical language. When a picture requires either a preface or an explanation for its thorough understanding, and when a poem is forced to convey an idea of color or sound, both picture and poem are generally defective.

We can not hear a picture, hence the fundamental idea of "The Angelus" is at fault, since

it appeals to our knowledge of bell ringing at sunset in France. Mr. J. C. Van Dyke, the art critic, has ventured to publish this bit of sound criticism on "The Angelus:" "The sentiment of the picture is charming, pathetic, beautiful; but it should have been written in poetry, not painted on canvas, for the eye sees color, light, air, perspective, and knows the pleasurable sensation in them, but fails to grasp sound." "The Gleaners" of Millet, however, is perfect in conception and technique—a striking example of true pictorial art. It presents an art-idea in the due proportion, of color, light, sound, air and perspective. The painter can never produce genuine art by his endeavors to convey sound, and the literary artist fails as a poet when his primary aim is to give color and atmosphere to his poems. "Mariana" may have the charm of sighing winds, a wonder of luxury and weirdness, but its beauties are lost forever when placed beside these plain, unadorned verses:

We walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun;
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,
"The will of God be done."

What, then, must be our final judgment concerning the poetry of Tennyson? Shall we consider the Laureate a great poet, or shall we look upon him merely as a verbal artist? Tennyson is infinitely more than a dilettante or an almoner of classic forms, still he is not a great poet in the sense that we speak of Milton, Wordsworth or Keats. He studied art for art's sake, and consequently his style and diction are often too conscious and overdone. If genius were "the capacity for taking infinite pains" (as some one has ventured to define it), Tennyson would certainly deserve a brighter crown than he wears to-day. He knew the technique of his art thoroughly, but he lacked the glowing imagination, the creative faculties of a great poet. His poetry does not fulfil the conditions of Milton's famous canon: it fails to combine in due proportion the simple, the sensuous and the impassioned. He is not a great poet because he did not possess the vigor and poetic fire whose immortal flame is fed with the oil of genius and inspiration. He was not gifted with the Semitic heat and the prismatic imagination of a superior poet. His lyrics are melodious; they have finish, polish and elegance, but they lack the heat and life of great poetry. They are smooth and pleasing to the popular ear, yet they do not contain the burning thoughts and bold

conceptions that produce harmony in the Miltonic or Shaksperian verse.

Tennyson knew what the grace and dignity of his vocation implied, although his actual performance of the duty imposed upon him, was not always in consonance with his own conception of an ideal poet. He tells us himself:

The poet in a golden clime was born
With golden stars above,
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

Tennyson had not the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, and the love of love; moreover, his power to give expression to these conceptions and to clothe them in the garb of strong emotion, was considerably limited. He lacked that intensity of conviction and sincerity of sentiment which render the poetry of Dante and of Milton immortal. Tennyson does not dive deep enough into the ocean of beauty and thought; his delight is to float on the calm surface of the water. Hence he seldom descends to the bottom to bring up a glittering pearl. His soul was not sufficiently strong to re-echo the beautiful with force and dignity. The coin is highly polished, glitters brightly, and the stamp is current, but one misses the ring of the genuine metal.

Tennyson's poetry does not awake the voice of the divine Sibyl, "which, uttering things simple, unperfumed, and unadorned, reaches through myriads of years." When Homer uttered his "Sing, Heavenly Goddess," Ovid his *Aspirate incæptis meis*, and Milton his "Descend from Heaven, Urania,"—each of these three poets proved conclusively that literary and artistic efforts alone are powerless to supply the want of a higher inspiration, a burning, noble passion that fatigues the imagination and overpowers the soul. Keats experienced this flow of true poetry, and when the floodgates of inspiration were opened, his weak body was carried away by the mighty wave of truth and beauty; his frail nature bent before the sweeping current like a reed in the middle of a whirlpool. Here is where Tennyson lost. He did not have the soul of a great poet, who, according to Plato, is a light and winged and holy thing, and there is no invention in him until he has been inspired. When the forms, the notions and the beauties of nature have passed through the medium of a feeling heart and received the impress of a strong imagination, then only do they become poetic images that will

live in our hearts forever. Melodious words and phrases alone are simply the tattered garments of reality—"God's unwritten poem."

"All high poetry is infinite: it is as the first acorn which contains all oaks potentially. Veil after veil may be undrawn and the inmost naked beauty never exposed." Poetry is not like reasoning, and the great poet is more than a talented man—he is a genius. His creative poem comes from the inner sanctuary of the soul, and is like the color of a flower that fades and changes during its development. The moment of inspiration arrives, and the poet is almost unconscious of its approach or departure. Whereas "talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is." Tennyson has talent, Milton and Wordsworth genius. Genius is a congenital gift, an inherited treasure. It whispered melody to Mozart in his early boyhood, and made him a composer at five years of age,—at seven, the author of five sonatas for piano and violin. The genius of the great poet musician, or painter is manifested by his spontaneity of conception, his crystal vision, deep insight, and above all his ability to express his thoughts without conscious effort. He has also—if I may use a strange paradox—the courage to commit a fault. If Shakspeare and Turner had become scrupulous about microscopic detail—Tennyson's prerogative—"Hamlet" and "Venice" would not exist to-day. A few strokes from the pen or brush of the master-artist give that respiration and life to his work, which the fastidiousness of a pre-Raphaelite would certainly mar.

In Tennyson we are often "overdone with superabundant imagery and luscious melody. We are so cloyed with the perfume of flowers that we long for the bare, bracing heights, where only stern north winds blow." If Byron's impetuous nature carried him into the fields of oratory and eloquence, whence he returned to his quiet abode less a poet, Tennyson's calm, pensive disposition persuaded him to dwell in "The Palace of Art," whose cold atmosphere chilled the poetic fire that seemed to burn dimly in his soul from infancy to old age. The poet that abandons simplicity and seeks pleasure in ornamentation, is frequently tempted to make the latter a background for weak, prosaic conceptions. Over-elaboration and extreme decoration without the depth and breadth, the simplicity and emotional quality of real poetry are a stumbling-block to the minor poet who sacrifices thought and feeling to the cold,

external beauty of sculpture and painting. In genuine poetry the *vox humana* must be heard; it alone can give life and tone and coloring to a poem. Tennyson's poetry is too often intellectual, argumentative and ingenious; not seeing things in their relation to truth and beauty—not interpretative. We readily perceive this tendency toward the intellectual, argumentative and ingenious throughout "In Memoriam," whose lyrics are conceived and composed in the intellect—that faculty by which Plato saw beauty in the symmetry and harmony of an isosceles triangle. The poetry of Shelley's "Adonais" and Milton's "Lycidas," on the contrary, are conceived and composed in the soul as imaginative, emotional and interpretative.

III.

Despite this rigid criticism and many of the sad truths contained therein, the polished and refined Tennyson has not touched the lyre in vain. Although he did not possess the creative soul, the clear vision and poetic insight of a Milton or a Keats, he doubled the two talents given to him, and he wrote verses, stanzas and whole poems, whose sweet melody shall ring in our ears and live in our hearts forever.

At first he was looked upon as a new flower—perhaps an interpolating weed. But when the blossom-buds of this seeming weed fully "expanded into gorgeous, velvety-crimson, golden-anthered, tiger-lilies," and filled the atmosphere with deep, intoxicating odors, the people carefully gathered its seed, and sought to make the flower their own. His poetry is a long series of melodies and pictures. The rhythm, color and harmony of the external world was the mainspring of his best poems. He was the next poet after Dryden to prove by concrete arguments that the English language is capable of combining strength with smoothness. It is as flexible in the hands of Tennyson as the slab of granite was beneath the chisel of Michael Angelo. Like Dryden, Tennyson found much of the English versification brick, and he left it marble.

When Tennyson sings at his best he is sincere, and he tells us what he actually feels: in this respect he is unlike Shelley who insists on painting what he wants to feel. The Laureate seldom if ever experiences the tingling impulses that thrilled Shelley's soul and made his poetry so sensuous. Keats was perhaps a greater lover of ornamentation than

either Shelley or Tennyson, and he realized more fully than they that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Beauty's touch, according to Shelley, should never be half-way, thereby making the reader breathless instead of content. "The rise, the progress, the setting of imagery should, like the sun, come naturally to the poet, shine over him and set soberly, though in magnificence; leaving him in the luxury of twilight." These were the sentiments dictated by his sensuous nature. Still Shelley did little more than admire the beautiful; Keats absorbed it, and Tennyson almost blurred its vision by his ornate, polished style. Tennyson's field of variety and coloring is wider than that of Keats: it extends from the ideal beauty of the latter to the rural pictures of Burns. Keats finds his delight in beauty of coloring, Tennyson in artistic forms, and Shelley in the sensational thrills which the contemplation of the beautiful produce in his wandering soul. Like Keats, Tennyson blends the sensuous with the ideal, and thus avoids the sensual, which consumed some of Byron's best gifts. The genius of Tennyson tends to the idyllic, Shelley's to the lyric, and Keats' to the epic. Tennyson's late and more mature poetry is steeped in those unfathomable emotions and sentiments that accompany us from the cradle to the grave. His early poems, however, are rather distilled from poetry than taken directly from life, action and nature in her visible forms.

True art must be able "to stay what is fleeting, and to enlighten what is incomprehensible; to incorporate the things that have no measure and to immortalize the things that have no duration." This canon of art (and let us not forget her subtle paradoxes) finds its fulfilment in a negative way—by evanescence. We love the violet, the yellow jasmine, the wild rose and the frail pansy, because they fade and die. They are mirrors of our future disintegration; their blossoms are emblems of death, and their decay reminds us of that solemn time of life,

When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang.

We are naturally fond of mortality in the world around us, though we shudder at the thought of our own death. We pass from one season to another without a murmur, and we are better pleased with sunset than sunrise: we scarcely realize that life is made up of succession and change, and we show no signs of displeasure when the poet tells us, "The rainbow comes and goes." The evanescent

lyric has an intangible attribute in it; a something as light as thistle-down, and potent as a spirit's breath—a blending of perfect beauty of thought with suggestive beauty of feeling. Its melody and fragrance, cheerfulness and pathos are all the children of a magic touch, a second creative *fiat*. Such poems are most fair because most fleeting. The poet alone that has uttered them can interpret their meaning for us, and even his explanation does not fully dispel the mist:

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone and forever.

These notes of evanescence are prominent in every lyric poem that Tennyson wrote. His is the lyric of sighs and memories—the lyric that bestows on the departed a gift of immortal love, remembrance and tears. Eliminate this note of evanescence, and where is the poetry or even the meaning of "Claribel," "Tears, Idle Tears," and "Crossing the Bar?" I think that the Laureate's nearest approach to Wordsworthian simplicity is to be found in one of his beauty-poems—I mean "Crossing the Bar." This lyric is a song for mortal ears and a prelude to the sweeter music of immortality. Its pure melody belongs to the "twilight of the heart where the light of love and the shadow of regret are mingled." Dante, in the "Inferno," Chaucer, in "Troilus and Criseyde," and Shelley, in "Prometheus Bound," express this subtle yearning, this sentiment of desideratum. Tennyson is the last of the modern poets to re-echo this note of evanescence. In "Locksley Hall" he says:

A sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things.

No wonder the poets loved the vanishing day and welcomed the purple twilight; for "only in the focus and center of man's knowledge is there a place for the hammer blow of affirmation; the rest is a flickering world of tints and half-light, echoes and suggestions."

The theme that won imperishable glory for the English poet, is pure and exalted—Love and Woman; but love within the bounds of moderation, and woman idealized. If Tennyson lacks the hate of hate and the scorn of scorn, he seems to possess the love of love. His motto is this sublime sentence of St. Augustine, *Ama et fac quod vis*. Tennyson's love is chaste and his characters perfect in purity. He held that marriage should be guarded by

a constancy as strong as heaven's blue arch, and be as spontaneous as the heart-beats of a happy child. No wonder, then, that his beauty-poems, such as "Isabel" and "Adeline," "will be remembered and sung as long as the English heart moves to the sweet melodies of love." From love we pass to woman, whom all the superior poets have revered and idealized. Love was the actuating principle of Dante's life. Beatrice is his own creation, the mistress of his heart, the thrill of his lonely soul. Dante's song of love is the nearest approach of any poet to the inspired canticle of Solomon. Michael Angelo's heart was formed to chaste emotions by the spiritual love of Vittoria Colonna. Her holy affection was the guiding light of his life: none but a woman's soul could soothe the restless activity of his mind.

If Byron or Keats had attempted to establish his fame on this beautiful theme, as the foundation stone, failure would have been the inevitable result. The former was too sensual and the latter too sentimental. Shelley also would have fallen below himself; for his wild, impetuous nature never suffered him to meditate on the dignity of pure love and the sublimity of chaste womanhood. Tennyson succeeded because he saw woman in the same mirror that reflected her beauty and virtue to the reverend eyes of Dante and Shakspeare. Even Milton would scarcely have sustained the high moral tone that Tennyson preserved through the "Idyls of the King." The blind poet had too many heterodox ideas and convictions about the Christian notion of marriage to build up a grand epic out of the raw material which the Laureate made use of. The most rigid moralists can find nothing to censure in the treatment of the "guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere, the wedded love of Enid and Geraint, the meretricious love of Vivien and the unrequited love of Elaine."

In "Locksley Hall," however, Tennyson's estimate of "the lesser man" is somewhat inconsistent with the high conception of womanhood that pervades his other poems. But we should remember that he wrote "Locksley Hall" while under the influence of petty prejudices caused by the bitterness of rejected love. He wrote this poem as the youthful lover whose heart has been pierced simultaneously by the arrows of Cupid and the sting of disappointment. Still, in his more thoughtful moments we must admit that Tennyson loved and honored woman.

His male characters also live in this atmosphere of purity and chaste love. "Sir Galahad" is the poetic complement of "Godiva." The bright flame of chastity flickers in the pure, crystal eyes of these two characters. The former is a valiant knight whose strength is equal to that of ten other men, because his heart is pure. The latter is a faithful spouse to the Earl of Coventry. By her continency she performs a marvellous feat, and thus frees her people from the Earl's exorbitant tax. When she rode through the town, clothed in the mystic garb of chastity, the noonday air glistened about her, and "all the low wind hardly breathed for fear." The knight is perhaps a more beautiful character than Godiva, for his life is a perpetual sacrifice of woman's love and company. His mission is to search for the Holy Grail and to save the fair daughters of Eve from shame and thrall. If St. John Chrysostom spoke most eloquently when defending and praising Christian virginity, Tennyson wrote his best and purest verse when celebrating the triumphs of chastity. Not even Arthur when parting with Guinevere, uttered a more sublime sentiment than is contained in these words of Sir Galahad:

But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine;
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.

Tennyson understood the genius and the tastes of the people for whom he wrote, and he invariably hit the note most pleasing to their cultured ear. His sunsets and moonlights, his hills and valleys, autumn fields and birds of summer; his reeds and rushes, cliffs, and—fens fairy castles and picturesque characters all are English, thoroughly national, and in keeping with the scenery of poetic England. His poems have won their way into the English heart for their very homeliness, if for no higher reason. He caught the prevailing spirit of the day, and his interpretation was hailed with universal applause. He clothed his thoughts in the garb of ornate language, and he embalmed them in classic sepulchres. His audience was delighted with their speaker and applauded his brilliant presentation. He perceived that his hearers would listen attentively to the music of lyric poetry, hence such melodies as "Blow, Bugle, Blow," and "Serene, Imperial Eleanor." He saw with what avidity the English-speaking people consumed the sweet nectar of Milton's blank verse, hence "Ulysses" and "Morte D'Arthur." He felt the

throbbing of the age, and his skilful fingers touched the pulse of time.

Tennyson was undoubtedly the Sophocles of England. If the Grecian poet, by his reverence for the gods and the popular religion, held the Athenians together in the bonds of national life, the Laureate, by his counsels of womanly chastity, manliness and chivalry, destroyed the forces that tend to a nation's disintegration and make its people sordid and cynical. The beauty which his poetry created has shed its lustre on the English heart, and vivified those half-despondent spirits that felt the heavy stress of a transition period. The glitter of his art dispelled the crude conceptions and opinions of the time, and exercised an ennobling and harmonizing influence on the English character.

If we admit that the nineteenth century is a great century, an individual, personal epoch in the history of English poetry, we must straightway yield the poet's laurel to Lord Alfred Tennyson and crown his brow with the halo of immortality. As a poet he is inferior—in originality, spontaneity and strength of conception—to Wordsworth, Coleridge and Keats; as an artist he is next to Milton. His voice is the clearest and sweetest, though not the strongest, of the nineteenth century.

The Idealist's Volume.

Fashioned from the best of many days,
Life of the best in lives of many men,
Way of the better parts of many ways,
Gods and Olympus brought to life again.

L. P. D.

Our Lady of Peace.*

Behind the convent stands Our Lady's shrine,
Half hid by the boughs of interlapping trees
That bend before it with each passing breeze;
Above a dome and traceried turret shine,
While round the ivy and clematis twine.
And on the emerald turf with bended knees
In quiet meditation, hearts at ease,
The pious nuns their coifed heads incline.

From her holy temple in the greenwood glade,
Our Lady of Peace diffuses Heaven's grace,
Her features glowing with a mother's love,
Shining the brightest in the deepest shade;
And all who look on that celestial face
Must rise by instinct to the world above. W. T.

* A shrine at St. Mary's.

In Memoriam.*

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

I.

A GLOOMY mist o'erhung the convent wall,
And deep-toned bells, as if reluctant, tolled
The knell of the great and saintly abbess old.
Amid the hush and gloom of the cloistered hall
Nuns came and went, or knelt beside the pall
To pray for her, the shepherdess of their fold.
Above her angels poised a diadem of gold,
The crown of her faith triumphant over all.

This scarce was death, it seemed another birth—
To die with duty done and proven worth.

Ah! not to-day, while fresh the hot tears flow,
But in the years to come we'll miss her more;
And the memory with time will fonder grow
Of a mother dear that glads our sight no more.

II.

She lives again on Heaven's blissful shore,
The fragrance of her virtues to us sent,
As rose-leaves sweetest breathe when life is spent,
Though on her hallowed tomb our tears we pour,
Why should we weep since tears can not restore?
Better to pray that our own journey's bent
May lead to where our Mother General went.
Her sun of life has set to rise no more,

And as it sank beneath the western sky
Soft breezes waft her spotless soul on high.

Her darkened light, regained in Paradise,
Will shine out through her soul undimmed by pain;
And we may count her loss our dearest gain,
For our hearts will be where now our treasure lies.

III.

Why love this life since all that makes it dear
On earth, is found but momentarily to last?
Our promised joys scarce ripen till they're passed.
Dear Mother, thus your virtues blossomed here,
Bore fruit and multiplied from year to year.
And in our hearts we'll hold the memory fast,
Of graces lost to earth, to Heaven passed,
Bringing rare perfumes to the eternal sphere.

Now let our thoughts behold thy angel look
Embraced within the arms, that fondly took
The babes of Israel clinging to His knee,
And to their tender meekness blessing gave,
Then turn to kneel once more around thy grave
And bow submitted hearts to God's decree.

* Mother Mary Annunciata, Mother General of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, died April 27, 1900.



William Makepeace Thackeray.

JOHN M. LILLY.

William Makepeace Thackeray, justly called the greatest of all the eminent novelists of the century, was born at Calcutta, July 18, 1811. He was brought early from India and sent to Charter-house. When but seventeen years old he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, but did not take a degree. During his stay at Cambridge he made his first appearance as a literary artist by contributing to a small periodical called the "Snob." He left Cambridge with the intention of studying painting, and for this purpose went to Paris. Of his life there little is known, but after spending a large fortune in this study, he returned to London and began to use his pen as a means of support.

His first regular employment was on *Frazer's Magazine* to which he contributed the "History of Samuel Titmarsh" and "The Great Hogarty Diamond." This latter paper is known and read with delight by all lovers of Thackeray.

His first great novel, "Vanity Fair," was published in serial form which accounts for many of its blemishes. "Vanity Fair," is deemed by many to be his greatest work, but in many respects "Henry Esmond" is its superior. Still among all the works of Thackeray, whether novels, essays, criticisms, or verse, there is not a single volume that can be thrown aside as worthless; even his essays, although inferior, may be read with pleasure. "The Yellow Plush Papers" and "Cox's Diary" are truly the work of a master-mind.

In "Vanity Fair" there is not a dull page—no padding, no long-drawn out explanations at the expense of the action, which we so often find in other novelists. Even Scott sometimes becomes irksome, and Dickens often unreadable. No author has surpassed, and few have equalled, that sublime passage describing the fight at Brussels. "No more fighting was heard at Brussels. The pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city. Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face with a bullet through his heart." Such is the character of all the descriptions in "Vanity Fair," so simple that a child can readily grasp their meaning.

A double story runs throughout "Vanity Fair." The first tells of the early life and adventures of Becky Sharp; the second, of the

troubles and final success of Captain Dobbin. When we mention "Vanity Fair," Becky Sharp is the first character that comes before our minds; not that she is the heroine of the story, but that the bad characters interest us more than the good.

"Vanity Fair" is a novel without a hero. Becky is led not by love or honor, but merely by ambition; and although Jos. Sedley is fat, awkward, ugly and a coward, Becky would not hesitate to marry him, if thereby she would gain her desired end. Poor little Amelia, as we are wont to call her, is one of the truest characters in all Thackeray.

"Henry Esmond" was prepared with even greater care than "Vanity Fair," and is, as Thackeray ordained it to be, his greatest novel. Unlike "Vanity Fair," which is a connected series of incidents, rather than a complete story, "Esmond" is a whole from beginning to end, with its story well told and its moral well drawn.

The language of Esmond is that of an English gentleman of culture, with knowledge of the world, ease and self-possession; and while reading, we often find ourselves studying and admiring the language apart from the story.

Beatrix was born noble, clever, and with certain advantages by which she was able to improve her beauty, wit and nobility. She was aware of this, and developed those advantages to the utter exclusion of any idea of moral goodness. She proves the misery of her own career so forcibly that no one will follow it.

Thackeray's style has few equals in English. There are no vague or dull passages; his pages abound in wit, or sparkle with satire; even his earliest works show the same unerring hand. The most striking characteristic of Thackeray's style is his power to moralize. This faculty he possesses in such a high degree, that many of his readers consider it the most interesting part of his novel.

From a moral point of view Thackeray has been unjustly criticised. True, he was always harping on and railing against the follies and vices of the world—that his bad characters are paramount; that they crush the good, that he depicts as weak and foolish; that they are all led by ambition not by love or honor, as Becky Sharp and Beatrix Esmond. But Thackeray's creative genius was greater on the fouler and darker side than on the brighter and purer side of life. He wished to depict men and women as they are, that we may see the folly of their lives and profit by their example.

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Reporters.

—After the Elocution contest last Wednesday morning Reverend President Morrissey announced the fact that some prominent man, who resides at no great distance from Notre Dame, and who is greatly interested in the oratorical department, is about to make an endowment that will give greater stimulus to our talkers. A sum of money will be left large enough to bring in a fund of seventy-five dollars annually. This latter sum is to be distributed among the members of the debating team, or, if those in charge of the department deem it more advisable, it may be distributed to contestants winning in the elocution or oratorical contests. With this added incentive and stimulus towards greater work, we may expect that our orators, debaters and readers will win higher successes than they have in the past,—and these were no trifles. Turn your attention to it, young fellows; the public is waiting to receive men of forensic ability.

—Notre Dame is not a member of the "Big Nine," and therefore her record will not count in the inter-collegiate championship race. That is the view some of our exchanges take of the baseball situation. It is a pretty poor way of crawling around the bush to

avoid seeing that the percentage of our team is by far the best. So long as we are playing under Western intercollegiate rules, and maintain the standard of amateurism set forth in these rules, it is hard to see why our efforts should be unnoticed in figuring up the season's record. Moreover, we are dodging no teams, but facing all comers, and when we have trounced all the members of the "Big Nine"—Illinois excepted because of not meeting us—the mere fact of our not belonging to that organization is a weak defense to set up against the superior ability shown by our team. Although not formally entered on the "Big Nine's" list, we belong to it in fact, since we have made its rules our rules and have played all our games in accordance therewith.

—Miss Eliza Allen Starr gave a lecture before the students in Washington Hall last Wednesday, and chose for her subject Overbeck, whom she styles "the great artist of this century." Miss Starr is booked for a lecture at Notre Dame nearly every year, and owing to her great ability as an art critic, she is well able to talk on art and art subjects.

First Communion at Notre Dame.

Last Thursday was an exceptionally fine day, and for as many as thirty-two young men at Notre Dame it was one to be remembered. In the morning all the students had gathered at the University parlors; the acolytes were there and the priests all robed for High Mass ready to escort these three times ten and two young men to the church, while the band walked slowly before them playing sacred marches. The occasion was the making of First Communion, and all that have had the happiness attendant upon such an occasion will not wonder why there was so much demonstration.

The Mass was sung by Very Reverend President Morrissey, assisted by Rev. Vice-President French as deacon, and Rev. M. J. Regan as subdeacon. Father French gave a very brief instruction to the Communicants, congratulating them on the great privilege that was theirs, and at the same time warning them of the duties it placed upon them of leading exemplary lives in return.

A notable circumstance in connection with the ceremonies was the rendition of Professor

McLaughlin's new Mass. This was to have been given on Easter Sunday, but had been postponed on account of the Professor's illness. Thursday only the *Kyrie*, the *Credo* and the *Sanctus* were sung. The choir was composed of about fifty voices, and the excellence of their singing was but a proof of the careful training and attention that Professor McLaughlin had bestowed on them. As for the composition, those possessed of knowledge of music have agreed that it is of the best. The whole tone is very much in keeping

solo was played by Mr. B. S. Lahy, who, by the way, is one of Notre Dame's most talented young musicians. When the Mass was finished and breakfast had been served to the Communicants, their relatives and friends were eagerly waiting with congratulations. The morning was quietly spent, and in the afternoon at Vespers the solemn renewal of Baptismal Vows took place. The following is a list of the young men that approached the Communion Table for the first time last Thursday morning:

F. Serafin, G. Canizares, S. Laredo, J. Gallart,



with the sacred character of the work, and the climaxes and counterpoints are worked in in a wonderfully clever manner. The *Credo* in particular has been commented upon as an excellent piece of musical composition. The more prosaic of us, we that have no knowledge of musical technique or of the principles of harmony, have readily agreed with the musical classes in the opinion that the Mass was excellent, and congratulations have been lavishly showered upon the composer. During the Offertory a very fine violin

P. Soler, from Cuba; J. Suberbie and R. Madero, from Mexico; J. Usera, from Puerto Rico; H. Donahoe, W. Kasper, J. Bassi, A. Bassi. J. M. Carroll, H. J. Hemmerich, H. Reichardt, L. Rose, J. Costello, W. Corbridge, W. McMahon, L. Liddy and L. Antoine, from Illinois; J. McWeeney and B. Houser, of Indiana; W. Robbins Massachusetts; Albert and Edward Von Herbulis, Maryland; L. Crane, Michigan; R. Price, New York; E. Rousseau, Nebraska; W. McNeill, Wisconsin; E. Kelly, Minnesota; and J. Garrigan, Ohio.

Crumley Wins the Barry Medal.

At the elocution contest held in Washington Hall last Wednesday morning, Mr. Harry V. Crumley showed himself to be the cleverest reader that Notre Dame has this year, and on Commencement day he will receive the gold medal donated by the honorable P. T. Barry of Chicago. The general consensus of opinion seems to warrant the statement that this year's contest was one of the best ever held at Notre Dame. It was conducted on a very different plan from those held in other years. Each contestant was obliged to render two selections, one of a serious and dramatic kind and the other of the humorous variety. This gave the judges an opportunity to see the men in all branches of the art of reading. At the same time it prevented a contestant from winning who might have great adaptability in one certain branch and be very poor in others.

The excellence of the contest prompted Very Reverend President Morrissey to make a few remarks at the close, in which he complimented the young men that had taken part therein. He also said that it was a great pleasure for him and other members of the Faculty to note the great advancements made here in the last few years in the departments of Oratory, Elocution and Debating.

The members in this year's contest, and the selections rendered by them were as follows: Mr. Leo Heiser, "Clarence's Dream" from Richard Third, and "Darius Green and his Flying-Machine;" Mr. Wimberg, "Hubert and Arthur" from King John, and "Little Yacob Strauss;" Mr. J. J. Moroney, "The instigation scene from Julius Cæsar, Scene II, Act I," and "Railroad Crossing;" Mr. William O'Brien, "The Dying Alchemist" and "Shamrocks d'Sullivan;" Mr. Harry V. Crumley, "She Wanted to Learn Elocution" and the "Hindoo's Dream." The judges, Prof. George Clarke, Hon. B. F. Shively, and Rev. John De-Groot, awarded first place to Mr. Crumley, with Mr. O'Brien a very close second. Mr. O'Brien by his clever work created a very favorable impression on the audience, and he, as well as the winner, had to acknowledge continued applause before the next contestant would be permitted to go ahead with a selection. Mr. Wimberg was given very favorable mention for his exceptionally clever rendition of the lines from King John.

The Varsity's Second Trip a Successful One.

Chicago are our victims again. This time in a very interesting and well-played game, our baseball tossers easily walked away from, their old rivals, leaving them leagues behind scrambling in the dust. The "great" Gibson, our handy little twirler, was in the box and this speaks volumes. The Chicago batsmen walked to the plate, stayed long enough to note the features of the enigma before them, and returned to their seats in very bad humor. Three vicious swings at the horse-hide and "Gibbie had struck them out." For nine innings they tried to solve his curves, but were just as much at sea at the end of the game as they were in the beginning. Pitcher "Tibbie" Smith showed that he had a few shoots to deliver, but we jumped all over Tibbie's collar in the ninth until he looked as if he would like to quit. Gibbie, on the other hand, pitched steadily throughout, and landed his own victory by a two-base hit that scored three runs. The game may be summed up as a pitcher's battle in which Gibson far out-classed his opponent.

It was rip and trip until the ninth. Notre Dame had scored two runs, one in the first on an error, a stolen base and a hit, and one in the fifth on a base on balls, a sacrifice and an error.

Chicago made one in the first on an error and a two-base hit, and one in the second on an error and three passed balls. Both teams were then blanked until the ninth. For Notre Dame, Morgan fanned, McDonald put a single in left. Daly walked. O'Neill hit one too fast for Van Patten and the bases were full. The rooters who had been raising a tremendous uproar became as quiet as a Sunday school class. Gibbie strutted to the plate, his faithful ash in tow. The first one went by, but when Tibbie put up another "Gibbie" swung his bat, and as a result of the collision the ball went far into left field. When the ball was returned to the diamond Gibbie was anchored at second, and three Notre Dame men had crossed the pan. Lynch pounded a single to Place and Gibbie scored. Lynch was silenced trying to pilfer second.

Fleming came up with the fifth hit of the inning, and made the circuit when Merrifield tried to sit on the ball. We had scored five runs making a total of seven to Chicago's two. Kennedy tried hard, but could only drop a bunt in front of the plate. O'Neill by a fast

throw caught him by three feet. Vernon added another strike out to Gibbie's long string. The game depended on Van Patten. He swung his bat at a wide out-shoot, and the ball twisted off his stick toward first. Captain McDonald took the sphere in camp, and the game was won by a good margin.

NOTRE DAME	R	B	PO	A	E
Lynch, s s	0	1	4	1	0
Fleming, l f	1	1	1	0	0
Donahoe, c f	1	0	0	0	0
Farley, r f	0	1	0	0	0
Morgan, 3 b	0	0	0	1	0
McDonald, i b	1	1	9	0	1
Daly, 2 b	2	0	0	2	0
O'Neill, c	1	1	13	3	1
Gibson, p	1	1	0	5	0
Totals	7	6	27	12	2
CHICAGO	R	B	PO	A	E
F. Merrifield, 3 b	1	1	1	1	1
Place, c f	0	2	2	0	0
Kennedy, i b	0	0	9	0	0
Vernon, 2 b	0	0	0	2	2
Van Patten, s s	0	0	2	0	1
Smith, p	1	0	0	3	0
R. Merrifield, r f	0	0	1	0	1
Ewing, l f	0	1	0	0	0
Harper, c	0	0	12	1	0
Totals	2	4	27	7	5

Two base hit—Gibson. Stolen bases—Merrifield, Place, Donahoe. Struck out—By Smith, 13; by Gibson, 14. Bases on balls—Off Smith, 3; off Gibson, 3. Passed balls—O'Neill, 4. Time—2:50. Umpire—Husting.

Notre Dame defeated Lake Forest in a long drawn out and very uninteresting game played in a half-foot of mud. The Lake Forest team secured almost as many hits as our fellows, but the fast infield work of Notre Dame cut off their scores. The field was in such bad condition that better playing was impossible. Drewes pitched the first half of the game and Keeley the last half. Both were hit pretty hard because the ball was slippery and hard to handle. Score: Lake Forest, 5; Notre Dame, 20.

After trouncing Wisconsin on their own grounds the Varsity was defeated in a very close and exciting game at Beloit. Our failure to score another victory was due chiefly to our inability to hit pitcher Atkins who had held the fellows to two miserable little hits. Gibson pitched an excellent game, allowing but six hits and striking out eight men. Some notion of Gibson's work may be got from the fact that seventeen Beloit players were left on the bags. This defeat, especially by so strong a team, is no disgrace. The fellows received very courteous treatment for their good-natured acceptance of the result. Beloit, 2; N. D., 1.

Badgers Go Down Again.

For the second time in the last two weeks the Wisconsin team went down in defeat before our star aggregation of baseball tossers. Last week on Tuesday our team happened into Madison and incidently administered a sound thrashing to the Badgers. Monday afternoon they paid us a short visit, long enough, however, to get another severe drubbing and immediately decamped. Hurrah! for Notre Dame. For whom? For Notre Dame!! Who will say that we are not the champion baseball team of the West? What team, even on paper, compares favorably with our stalwart heroes. On percentage we have every other team beaten to death, and there is no one so indiscreet as to say that the playing of any team in the West is up to the standard we have maintained all along the line. We are the undaunted, and, had it not been for a slip in the Purdue game, we could say the unbeaten champions of the West. We stand ready to meet all comers—the Illinois team is not barred.

For the first three innings of Monday's game, Wisconsin looked to have an equal chance of winning. But our fellows fell on to Matthews in the fourth, and in that inning alone made enough runs to win the game. After the fourth the Badger men appeared to lose heart. Hits came along in such rapid succession that Matthews seemed to be tired of his job, and the fielders appeared greatly pleased at the end of every inning. Twelve hits, including three home runs and a three-base hit, making a total of twenty-three bases, is no bad record against a pitcher with the reputation Mr. Matthews commands. Keep up the good work, fellows, until we take another fall out of Michigan and probably out of Illinois, if the latter team will give us a game. The end of the season is near at hand with only a few practise games between the hard ones. So continue to play the good game you have put up, and in two weeks we shall declare to the baseball world that old Notre Dame has captured the baseball championship of the West. It is too bad that we do not get a chance at those Eastern teams!

HOW THE RUNS WERE MADE.

Wisconsin made one in the first. Mowry, the first man up, made three disturbances in the atmosphere and retired. Harvey ballooned one to center which Donahoe dropped. Hansel

advanced Harvey on a neat sacrifice. Curtis hit a fast one at Daly, and Harvey crossed the pan. Curtis died trying to steal second.

In the second, Pierce got a life on Lynch's error. Cochems flied to Fleming. Harkins walked. Matthews hammered a single to left, and Pierce scored. Muckleston walked, and Mowry cracked a single to left, scoring Harkins. Mowry and Harvey were thrown out in rapid succession by Lynch, Daly and McDonald.

The fourth gave the Badgers another. Harkins hit a fast one at Keeley which Birt knocked to one side. Daly grabbed the rolling sphere, and by a quick throw put Harkins out. Matthews made his second hit, but was forced at second by Muckleston. Muckleston stole second, and came home on Farley's error. Harvey sawed. Hansel started the eighth with a hit to left. Curtis followed with a hot one past Lynch. Curtis took too big a lead off first and was caught napping. Hansel tried to get third while the other men ran Curtis down, but McDonald caught him by a true throw to Morgan. Curtis made second on the play and crossed the pan when Pierce pounded a single to right. Cochems advanced Pierce on his out from Daly to McDonald. Here Mr. King of Wisconsin displayed his knowledge of the game. Instead of sending Harkins, who should have batted, he sent Matthews up. Matthews did what was expected of him, scoring Pierce on his third hit of the game.

For Notre Dame, Capt. McDonald started things with a home run in the second. In the third we made two on hits by Keeley and Fleming and Pierce's error.

We made eight in the fourth. Morgan got a life on Mowry's error. McDonald and Daly walked. One, Phil O'Neill, then stepped to the pan, and with one wield of his bat cracked the ball over the track in left center. Phil finished up at third, and three runs had come in. Keeley pushed a slow one to Harkins, and O'Neill scored. Lynch walked. Fleming advanced Lynch on a sacrifice and Lynch scored when Donahoe singled to center. Farley got safe on Curtis' error, and went down on Morgan's sacrifice. McDonald dropped a hit in left, scoring Donahoe and Farley. Daly went out from Matthews to Curtis.

We made two more in the sixth on Farley's home run to right after Fleming was safe on Harkin's error. Fleming's home run scoring Lynch gave us two more in the seventh. The game was called during the eighth inning.

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Fleming, l f	2	1	2	0	0
Lynch, s s	3	2	3	5	1
Donahoe, c f	1	1	0	0	1
Farley, r f	2	2	0	0	1
Morgan, 3 b	1	0	1	0	0
McDonald, 1 b	2	2	12	1	0
Daly, 2 b	1	2	4	6	1
O'Neill, c	1	1	2	3	0
Keeley, p	2	1	0	2	2
Totals	15	12	24	17	6
WISCONSIN	R	H	P	A	E
Mowry, 3 b	0	1	3	4	2
Harvey, s s	1	0	2	4	1
Hansel, c f	0	1	1	0	0
Curtis, 1 b	1	2	9	0	1
Pierce, c	2	1	3	1	2
Cochems, l f	0	1	2	0	0
Harkins, 2 b	1	0	0	3	2
Matthews, p	0	3	1	1	1
Muckleston, r f	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	6	9	21	13	9

Home runs—McDonald, Farley, Fleming. Three-base hit—O'Neill. Bases on balls—Off Matthews, 5; off Keeley, 3. Stolen bases—Notre Dame, 6; Wisconsin, 2. Double plays—Keeley to Lynch to McDonald, Daly to Lynch to McDonald, Harvey to Mowry to Curtis. Umpires, Tindill of Chicago, and Hustings of Wisconsin.

* * *

Chief Eagle, Good Voiced Elk, Spotted Crow, White Eyes and all the other Indian braves who compose the Nebraska Indian baseball team, will be here next week to try their powers against our men. Chief Eagle and his men will pitch their battle on Cartier field. The team is composed of genuine red-men whose forefathers danced the yam-yam on the frontier before baseball was ever known. They possess the old-time courage of their ancestors and never fail to show their grit when an opportunity offers. This team is not an organization of Indians solely, but of baseball players; they bat, field and run the bases as well as the average American team, and at coaching on the side lines they surpass others.

The nine is made up of the following braves:—Burk Heath, pitcher; Babarmainwedding, catcher; Henry Moore, 1st base; Romly Dupins, 2d base; Spotted Crow, short-stop; Iron Eyes, left field; Cochita, center field; and Charging Eagle, right field. This game will afford everyone an opportunity of seeing real Indians play our national game. All the lusty rooters will need to have their voices in fine trim if they wish to drown the war-whoop of our opponents.

Personals.

—Mr. P. J. Kasper of Evanston, Ill., visited his sons of Corby, Carroll and St. Edward's Halls during the past week.

—Matthew D. Long was called home to Syracuse, N. Y., last Tuesday on account of the serious illness of his mother.

—The Honorable P. T. Barry of Chicago, the donor of the Barry Elocution medal, was at Notre Dame over Thursday night visiting his many friends among the Faculty.

—It is always a pleasure to have old students, like Mr. Joseph Duane (Litt. B., '99), come back to visit their friends. Mr. Duane was one of the best-liked students at the University last year, was a member of the SCHOLASTIC staff and a prominent athlete. This year he is taking a course in medicine at Rush Medical College in Chicago. Every success that he can have is wished him by all that knew him here.

—Mr. William P. Burns (Litt. B., '96), one of Notre Dame's ex-Varsity captains and a track man in the days when Sorin and Brownson used to fight it out, was at the game yesterday to see our fellows trounce Indiana. Mr. Burns was the poet of his class, was one of the SCHOLASTIC's editors, and after leaving here attended the New University at Washington, D. C. At present he is engaged in the practice of Law at his home in Michigan City.

—Mr. Robert Funk (student '96-'99), now attending the University of Wisconsin, spent the greater part of this week at Notre Dame. Mr. Funk was one of the SCHOLASTIC's valued reporters during the last months he was here, and it was with regret that we yielded him to the Badgers. He was the organizer and leader of the famous "Squirt" band, which alone will keep his memory alive for many years at Notre Dame. His success at Wisconsin seems assured, if we may judge from the manner in which he has kept with the leaders of his class since his entrance at that institution.

—The pleasing news comes from Ohio that before long we may have another alumnus of our Law School wearing an "Hon." before his name. This time it will be Hon. Timothy Ansberry. Mr. Ansberry was graduated here in 1892, and immediately began the practice of Law in Defiance, Ohio. His ability was so marked that his townsmen had no hesitancy to elect him prosecuting attorney the following year. He has held this office ever since, and in recognition of his able services he is now mentioned very prominently as the Democratic nominee for Representative from his district. The SCHOLASTIC would say to the voters of that district that they will do credit to themselves and at the same time serve their own interests to the best advantage by electing Mr. Ansberry as their Representative.

Local Items.

—To-morrow the Preps meet "The Giants" from Elkhart. The Giants have a strong team and have not been defeated this year. The work of their batting is always the feature in every game.

—The fad of hitting homers has now formed into a habit which is practised by every member of the team. It is a good thing the fence is beyond batting distance, or the manager's heart would be broken because of the new balls he would be forced to toss in at every game.

—The following track men are entitled to wear the Varsity Monogram, each of them having made one or more points in an inter-collegiate meet: O'Shaughnessy, Eggeman, Murray, J. Pick, E. Pick, Herbert, O'Brien, Gaffney, McDougall, Connor, Steele, Corcoran, Sullivan.

—Last Saturday the much feared ball tossers of Niles were defeated by the Preps at the rate of 18 to 5. The Preps played together at bat and in the field, and at no time was the game in doubt. Bloom of Niles dished out some peculiar twists, but he was wild and could not keep down the hits at the right time. He struck out eight men, allowed eleven hits, gave nine bases on balls and hit four men. McCambridge, the star of the Preps, allowed but one base on balls and five hits. He struck out ten men and hit two batsmen. Murray behind the bat encouraged "Mac," and gave him full confidence in his support.

Summary—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Niles—	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	=	5	13
Preps—	6	5	1	0	0	1	2	3	x	=	18	11 6

Batteries—Bloom and Kennedy, McCambridge and Murray. Umpire, Fogarty.

—These lines were written by Nicholas R. Oneighthofarnile. Whether the title was suggested by experience or not we can't say. It will be observed he has mastered the form, and it is to be regretted that the tone is so ironical. How her beau found consolation in her little brother's act.

A snap-shot photograph he took,
He thought it was the thing to do.
His sister hid within a nook,
This snap-shot photograph he took,
For sure it had a sour look;
Alas, 'twas found there by her beau,
So the snap-shot photograph *he* took,
He thought it was the thing to do.

And though this beau she gently shook
He still holds dear the photograph.
It shows him just how she would look,
(Although this beau she gently shook)
At home when learning how to cook.
And since she's lost it makes him laugh;
So though this beau she gently shook
He still holds dear the photograph.

—The game last Sunday between the Carroll Hall students and the Holy Cross team was not of the highest order. The Carroll Hall team played well individually, but their team work was conspicuous by its absence. The Seminary team played excellent ball, finishing the game without one mark in the error column. The score 31 to 1 shows what the opposing team did in the error line. The features of the game were the excellent pitching on both sides and a splendid catch by Long, the center-fielder of the Holy Cross team who, after pulling the sky-scraper from the regions above, threw to second base for a double play. Mr. McLaughlin held the umpire's position and not once was his judgment at fault or contradicted. Were he not in another profession we might predict for him a brilliant judicial career. Both teams had mascots, but some one took away the Holy Cross "hoodoo," for which we thank him sincerely.

—To-day the Carroll track team will try speed and skill against the brawny athletes from the Niles High School. From the preceding records of the Carrollites, they should win by a good margin. Stitch is a sure winner in the 100, and he and his team-mate, Mueller, should capture first and second in the pole vault. Krug and Quinlan are sure point winners in the 440, the first place going to Krug. In the half Davis and Strong are a good team and should finish in the order named. Riley should pull out a place in the 220 as should Putnam; Macdonald and Uckotter can be counted on for points in the high jump. In the broad jump Reichardt should secure first place. Captain Phillips should come out a winner in the shot put with Stephan close behind. The "bike" squad are dark horses, and it is not safe to make a prediction as to their performances, but it is hoped they will equal the good work of their team-mates. Next Wednesday the teams meet in Niles.

—Worden and Hannez were taking their morning stroll, and just as they started down the little slope to St. Joseph's Lake the scene broke upon the artistic eye of Worden in all its splendor. "See," he said, "the sunlight upon the little ripples as they play along the grassy bank as though they were jealous of those sparkling dewdrops there in among those violets at the water's edge! Listen to the birds up in the cottonwood, and watch the little waves dance with one another out on the lake, in time to the songster's sweet music; each wavelet seems to be trying to drown the sunbeam that plays upon it. And, Hannez, look at the gold-tinted clouds over there past Calvary, and the red above the novitiate there; that's grand! A most beautiful scene! And there come the ducks and Chinese swans down to the lake, and some are paddling about now in the shallow water. That reminds me of a grand painting I saw once, Hannez."

"It reminds me," said Hannez, "the red clouds do, that we will have rain soon, and it reminds me, the ducks do, that it is breakfast time. Come on! Let's go!"

—WEATHER BUREAU:—Three comets were discovered in Venus' back-yard, but we feel safe in saying that they were too far off to prevent Buller from crossing the Tugela a few times more. The ensuing hebdomadal period will probably educe the following "bargains:"

SUNDAY: A pearly-gray sky with blue-figured cloudlets a la Sorin Hall hat.

MONDAY: Wants to snow but concludes to take another "think."

TUESDAY: A thunder shower will come up after dinner at the rate of a small boy separating himself from a delegation of hornets.

WEDNESDAY: Breezes from the South Atlantic,
Tell of John Bull's awful muss;
And while we are decorating
Graves of those who fought for us,
Men for liberty are fighting,
And for taking Freedom's part
Cronjé, in his island prison,
Walks the paths of Bonaparte.

THURSDAY: Southerly winds broken only by the chirps of the crickets.

FRIDAY: Sunshine on the installment plan.

SATURDAY: Comes up smiling. Wants to be good but can't find the license, and is consigned to oblivion with our ex-Vice-President. Any further information on recent scientific discoveries will be cheerfully furnished by the Weather Bureau on presentation of your name and a watermelon.

—There was a meeting held in Sorin Hall on Tuesday night for the purpose of effecting some kind of an organization to look after Sorin's interest in the coming inter-hall meet. Mr. Robert Fox, of last year's team was elected Captain, and Captain Corcoran of the Varsity track team was unanimously elected coach. Mr. O'Brien, also of the Varsity, was elected as an alternate with Mr. Corcoran in coaching the men. The enthusiasm shown at the meeting would indicate that Sorin Hall will be well represented when the day for the meet arrives. All of Sorin's old men will be entered together with some promising new men. No matter how many men are going to contest or are talking of contesting, no man that feels himself able to dash a pretty fast hundred, run the hurdles or ride the pole should stay back. We want everyone of those men out, and we assure you beforehand that you have as good a chance as anyone else. Put on your track suit, and do not be afraid to be the first one out, some one has to be first, so let here go. Last year we came second with a mere handful of men entered. This year with the material on hand we should duplicate our performance, or if we are lucky win the play. All you Sorinites put your shoulders to the wheel, and with a long, strong pull together let us make a showing on the thirtieth.